

THE DAILY MIRROR, Wednesday, January 6, 1915.

FRENCH GRENADES STOP ENEMY'S SAPPING

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1915

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

THE WORST FLOODS FOR TWENTY YEARS: PLIGHT OF THE DWELLERS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

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An aged lady falls while crossing the planks which span High-street, Maidenhead.



A soldier on Salisbury Plain wades along a roadway waist deep in water.

The water is still rising in the Thames Valley, and is getting within measurable distance of the flood marks of that disastrous year 1894 which adown most of the boathouses. The situation is very serious, and hundreds of families have been forced to seek refuge

Returning home after shopping at Maidenhead.

in the upper stories of their houses. Postmen, milkmen and provision dealers are making their rounds in punts, and soldiers have to go to their drill in boats.—*Daily Mirror* and S. and G.)



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BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.B.



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(The Taking of the Guns by the 9th Lancers.)  
J. HALFORD ROSS.

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Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

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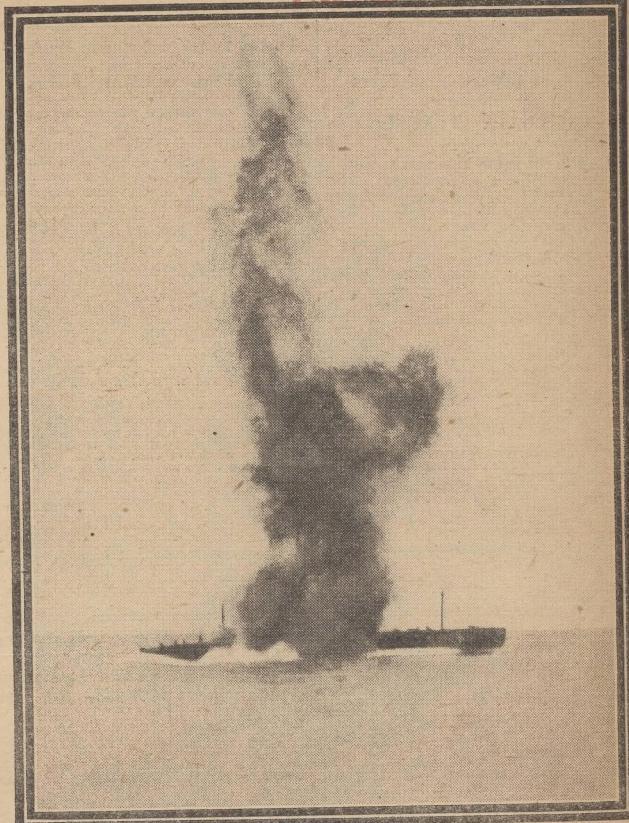
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Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5½d.  
MIXTURE  
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**"THE GUARDIAN OF CULTURE."**

Russian soldier remarks, "Noy we have maps, perhaps someone will come along who can read." This cartoon is from a German paper, which always suggests that the Russian soldier is illiterate and little better than a barbarian. It is entitled, "The Guardian of Culture."

**WARSHIP BLOWN UP BY MINE.**

H.M.S. Vixen blown up by a mine in 1893. The picture has a special interest at the moment as it shows exactly what happens when a vessel strikes one of these submarine weapons. The dark square mass in the smoke is one of the boilers blown through the deck.

**TRAINING SOLDIERS ON THE PAVEMENT: OPEN-AIR "GYM" AT HAMPSTEAD.**

Going through their exercises.

The Queen Victoria Rifles, who are training at Hampstead, never fail to attract a good crowd of onlookers when they do their Swedish drill on the pavement near Jack

The railings come in useful.

Straw's Castle. The railings running alongside the pavement come in very useful, as will be seen from the pictures.

## SPY QUESTION IN HOUSE OF LORDS.

War Statement by Lord Kitchener at To-day's Meeting of Peers.

## CHANGES IN MINISTRY?

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent)

A noteworthy feature of the meeting of the House of Lords to-day—the first sitting since November 27, 1914—will be a statement from Lord Kitchener on the war.

His reviews of the situation always draw big gatherings of peers and peeresses, and, as there has been much swaying of the battle line since he last addressed the House, and many startling developments both west and east, his audience this afternoon is likely to be even larger than usual.

Although the House of Lords is not expected to sit more than a couple of days, the Order Paper reveals the intention of peers to raise many questions of vital interest. Here are some of the issues to be raised by various members of the House:—

**THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.**—The number of alien soldiers in the country and the steps taken to deal with them.

**THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH.**—The powers possessed by Grand Juries and other tribunals to deal with treason.

**THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.**—The instructions to Lords-Lieutenant as to notices to be given in case of invasion.

**VISCOUNT GALWAY.**—The recent bombardment of East Coast towns.

### SPY QUESTION.

The raising and equipment of the new Army and the mysterious leakage of information to Germany will also be discussed.

As the plans of Lansdowne is still on the shelf, Earl Crewe will lead the Opposition.

On the broad policy of the war there will be no dissenting voice.

There is, however, still a good deal of uneasiness concerning the persistent rumours of the presence of spies along the coast, and an effort will be made, inter alia, to raise the Government to more vigorous action in the treatment of suspected aliens.

The Commons are not expected to meet until Tuesday, February 2, unless urgent business arises in the meantime.

Since the House was last in session an important change has occurred in the Cabinet. Lord Wimborne succeeding the Earl of Aberdene as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

### M. BIRRELL TO RESIGN?

Another change is confidently predicted, this being the resignation of Mr. Birrell, the Irish Secretary.

Mr. Birrell has experienced extraordinarily strenuous and stormy times during his seven years as Irish Secretary, and in recent months he has aged perceptibly under the stress and strain.

If Mr. Birrell goes he will, it is anticipated, be succeeded by Mr. Herbert Samuel, the President of the Local Government Board.

Mr. Samuel is deeply versed in Irish politics and during the long and embittered struggle on the Home Rule Bill he displayed a masterly grasp of the financial complexities of the Government's scheme.

Mr. McKinnon Wood, the present Secretary for Scotland, is mentioned as Mr. Samuel's successor as President of the Local Government Board.

### SEARCH FOR CHIEF WHIP.

Before the House of Commons meets, the Prime Minister will find it necessary to appoint a new Chief Whip, to succeed the late Mr. Illingworth.

For some time past the brunt of the work has fallen upon Mr. Gulland, the Scottish Whips and, having regard to the great success of the Master of Elibank, another Scot, as Chief Whip, and to Mr. Gulland's great popularity, the Prime Minister's choice may quite conceivably fall upon him.

But other names are mentioned, including those of Captain Guest, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Wedgwood Benn (Junior Whip) and Sir Harry Verney, Secretary to the Board of Agriculture.

At the present moment the Government Whips are understaffed, Captain Guest, Mr. Geoffrey Howard and Mr. Wedgwood Benn being on military duty. Of the seven Whips available in normal times only Mr. Gulland, Mr. William Jones and Mr. H. Webb remain.

E. A. J.

## SOUTH AFRICA AN ARMED CAMP.

JOHANNESBURG, Jan. 4.—The burghers are readily responding to the Government's commanding order, which has been well received in the country.

The burghers are cheerfully rising to the occasion, and the hope is expressed that every possible man will rally to the colours to help to bring about an early settlement.

The commandos when completed will be thoroughly representative both of the English and the Dutch sections of the Colony.—Reuter.

## BREACH OF BRAZIL'S NEUTRALITY.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Jan. 5.—A German steamer having left the port of Pernambuco (Brazil secretly), the Federal Government has dismissed the authorities responsible for permitting this breach of neutrality, and has ordered them to be brought before a Court of Inquiry.—Reuter.

## DISAPPEARING SKIRTS.

Women in Flooded Thames Valley Forced To Go Shopping in Waders.

### PUNTING OVER HEDGES.

(From Our Special Correspondent)

MAIDENHEAD, Jan. 5.—The Thames Valley floods, which have spread considerably this morning and are still rising, threaten to evolve startling new fashions in dress for women.

Most women, when they have gone out on shopping excursions the past two or three days, have hailed a punt just as they would take a taxi cab. To-day, however, several women boldly declared to be independent of boats, and they appeared in the streets wearing—waders!

One pretty girl of about eighteen was quietly walking along through nearly 2 ft. of water with a bundle of packages under her arm. She was wearing long black waders, while the skirt was practically dispensed with.

For miles around Maidenhead the country is almost entirely one huge sheet of water. This morning the new "river" in Bridge-street, Maidenhead, had risen over a quarter of an inch.

"Take a boat to Cookham?" said a boatman this morning. For three miles the punt passes over submerged fields, roads, gardens, and even, in some cases, hedges, until it reaches the Venice-like hamlet of Cookham.

Interesting tours many miles in extent can, in fact, be made by boat. If the weather were warm and fine, the punt could be used in woods half-submerged by water, or in some cases float into hotels and have tea in the coffee-room.

Tradesmen of all kinds, postmen, policemen and lamplighters have to go on their rounds by punt in many districts.

At Reading the Thames has risen three inches since yesterday and in Great Knoll-street and Lower Caversham over 200 houses are surrounded by water.

## VOICE HE LEFT BEHIND.

Soldiers Who Have Farewell Messages to Their Dear Ones Gramphoned.

There used to be an old semi-military song in which the phrase: "Leave me a photograph, don't forget a photograph," occurred very frequently. It was supposed to be sung by a soldier's sweetheart who was seeing him off to the wars.

Now, however, our soldiers have discovered a new kind of souvenir to leave behind them, which is quite unique.

A man with great experience in the gramophone and talking machine business told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the idea originated with a soldier who heard a record made by the late Mr. Dan Leno, or some other singer of the past, and wished in case he should die in his country's cause to place his own voice on record for his family.

Most of the soldiers who have their voices "gramphoned" like to sing a verse and chorus. Some sing quite well. Such songs as "Annie Laurie," "The Old Folks at Home," "Tipperary," and "Dolly Gray" are popularly chosen.

Others who are reciters venture small essays in rhetoric or poetry. Such a verse as "Laugh and the world laughs with you" is very popular.

But not a few soldiers speak private messages into the gramophone. Often as not they have written a letter which they speak into the instrument.

"Be a good girl, remember all your daddy used to tell, be good to mummy and mind you know all your lessons by the time daddy comes back," was a record made by one young soldier for his little daughter.

### BOLD CARDINAL A CAPTIVE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 5.—The newspaper *Tyd* reports that Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has been arrested and is being held a prisoner by the Germans.—Central News.

Cardinal Mercier circulated a New Year pastoral letter, which he ordered to be read in all the churches. In it he stated that the Belgians owed no "obedience, loyalty or esteem" to German authority. Their rightful governors were their King and Belgian Government chosen by the people themselves.

## IGNORANT OF THEIR OWN COUNTRY

"I am appalled at the ignorance of many children in the geography of their own country and of other countries, and also of their ignorance of the glorious deeds of their forefathers."

Thus spoke Sheriff the Rev. Georges de la Fontaine who, in the absence of the Lord Mayor, welcomed the delegates to the annual conference of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters, which was opened at the Guildhall yesterday.

### BARGES SUNK TO STEM FLOOD.

Serious floods were reported yesterday in the West Norfolk fen country, owing to the collapse of a portion of the bank of the Brandon River.

Miles of low-lying land are already flooded and a vast area is threatened. Efforts are being made to stem the gap in the river bank by sinking barges.

In the low-lying districts of Somersetshire many thousands of acres are under water, dwellings are isolated and the roads impassable.

## MAN WHO LOST FRIEND.

Ilford Smash Inquest Story of Witness's Usual Train Companion,

### "SENTIMENTS AND REASON."

How a passenger lost his friend and neighbour who usually travelled with him was told at the inquest on the ten victims of the Ilford train smash, which was opened and adjourned for a fortnight yesterday after evidence of identification had been taken.

The victim is:—

Alexander White, Norfolk-road, Seven Kings, August Lambeth, Kincardine-road, Goodmayes, Frank Simmons, Hornchurch, F. Delfsow, Aldborough-road, Seven Kings, P. H. Davis, of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Oxford-street, Miss Bertha Christie, Aldborough-road, Seven Kings, H. W. Bird, Felbridge-road, Seven Kings, George Maylam, Traffic Manager's Office, G. E. R., Eastwood-road, Goodmayes, C. Richardson, aged forty-three, Engineers' Office, G. E. R., Coton-road, Romford, Mr. G. Allen, Chingbury-gardens, Seven Kings.

Edmund Smith, of 10, Norfolk-road, Seven Kings, said he usually travelled on the Gidea Park train from Seven Kings with one of the victims, Alexander White, a neighbour.

The Coroner: Did you see him on the morning of the accident?

Witness: Unfortunately, no. If I had he would have been with me in an armchair on the train. I was in the train but I escaped with a cut.

After I had got to Liverpool-street I waited until his name was given out in an official list of the killed.

When the Deputy Coroner, Mr. Collings, addressed the jury at the opening of the inquest he said:—

"In this my case so sad and important as this I feel it is not right to intrude into the business without very great discretion, as all the evidence is not yet complete, and it would be unfair to those not represented to deal with such a far-reaching calamity without due consideration."

He went on to remind the jurymen that they had sworn to consider the evidence in an unbiased and impartial way, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will, and added that they must do their duty and let a calamity people with local feeling were apt to let their sentiments run away with their reason.

"They did not yet know the cause of the accident."

As driver and fireman of the Clacton express, which at the Board of Trade inquiry was said to have run past the signals set at danger, were not present, and were not represented. They had not yet returned from their injuries.

Mr. H. W. Thomas, general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, speaking with considerable emotion, expressed sympathy with the bereaved and the injured, adding that the company accepted full responsibility for the accident.

## BUY MY SWEET VIOLETS."

Spring Flowers Arrive to Gladden London's Grey and Dripping Streets.

Despite the rain and the gloom, the London streets were full of flower sellers yesterday offering violets for sale.

The violets have now arrived from France. *The Daily Mirror* was told, and they have not been obtainable until now owing to the war.

Sweet violets in January for a penny a bunch should satisfy every flower lover.

Daffodils are being sold yesterday at the low price of a shilling. Jonquils could be bought for 3d. a bunch, and hyacinths were very cheap.

People are not buying elaborate floral decorations, but a great number of little "jardinières" are being sold, as they last longer than cut flowers.

Frim little pots of pink azaleas can be bought for 1s. and half a dozen hyacinth bulbs in a pretty china bowl for 3s. 6d.

Generally, more real spring flowers seemed obtainable in the shops than the seasonal flower and chrysanthemum.

## BRITISH PROTEST TO UNITED STATES

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* states that the British Ambassador has protested to the State Department regarding the conditions in Mexico.

Complaint is made of the interference with British property, particularly on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where a tunnel and some important bridges and the railway line have been blown up.—Reuter.

### 8 KILLED IN ANTWERP TRAIN SMASH

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 5.—The *Handelsblad* learns that last Sunday evening a serious railway accident occurred on the line between Antwerp and Eschen.

A passenger train from Antwerp collided with a military train at the points there, where the railroads converge with the railway line.

One passenger car was completely destroyed. Eight civilians were killed, twenty-five were seriously injured, and some others were slightly injured.—Reuter.

### NO LARD FROM DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 5.—The export of lard from Denmark will be prohibited in the near future.

Lard is one of the chief articles of food, and prices have increased so much that the poorer classes have been unable to buy it.—Exchange.

## KHAKI "CROSS-TALK" IN LONDON SALES.

Fair Shoppers' Confused Conversations About Soldiers and Bargains.

### "WAR PRICES REIGN."

London was a strange city yesterday. It had been entered by two invading armies.

The first army wore all sorts of blue coats and red coats and khaki. Some of them wore caps and sweaters. Most of them carried bundles.

These were the regiments of the great invading army of soldiers which seemed to have poured into London yesterday from all directions.

The other army defied description. It wore silks and satins, plumed hats and gorgeous furs. Some of them carried muffs and some of them carried little dogs.

This was the army of women who had swept into London in search of the bargains at sales.

The sweet and pretty army of women kept mostly to the pavements and peered at the dainty trifles in the shop windows.

The army of soldiers kept mostly to the roads. There they tramped between the carts and the omnibuses, smoking pipes or singing snatches of songs.

The two armies looked at each other curiously. They liked each other.

It was very curious to notice how the women's attention was divided between the soldiers and the shop windows.

And this division of attention was curiously reflected in the conversation of the fair seekers after bargains at the sales.

"What a lot of soldiers—" "I've never seen so many in my life." "I found a younger woman in a window, out of black chiffon, velvet-edged with braid, to a friend in grey furs."

"Oh, aren't they simply sweet."

"What? The Highlanders, dear?"

"The Highlanders! Of course not. I mean those white crepon dresses with the lace collars."

### CONFUSED CONVERSATIONS.

A youthful sale shopper in a pretty navy serge dress also got confused in her conversation with mamma.

Mamma: I think those lengths in seal-dyed musquash with the ermune collars look splendid.

Her Daughter: I think they come from Canada.

Mamma: From Canada—what nonsense, Phyllis.

Her Daughter: But it says Canada on their shoulders.

Then mamma saw that Phyllis was thinking of the soldiers with broad-brimmed riding hats, who were edging along the kerbstones while she herself had eyes only for seal-dyed musquash.

The gist of the general sale-conversation seemed to be an acknowledgment of remarkable cheapness. There are "war prices everywhere," said the shopkeeper.

"Come up for the sales?" said a flower woman just by Piccadilly fountain to a soldier.

"Not exactly," he answered smilingly. "They're keeping all the cheap goods in our line waiting for us in Berlin. There will be a sale of suits when we get there."

### WAR PRIZES AT AUCTION.

Remarkable scenes occurred yesterday at a sale of five German steamers, captured prizes of war, in the Baltic and Shipping Exchange, E.C.

The large Merchants' Hall of the Exchange was crowded, and at the conclusion of the sale the large company present lustily sang "God Save the King," and gave three cheers for the Navy.

The five steamers realised in the aggregate £130,725, of which £65,200 was paid by Messrs. William Thomas and Co., Liverpool, for the large steamer Schlesien, of 5,536 gross tonnage. Sir Walter Runciman paid £13 for the Ulla Boog's chronometer.

### KEEPING OPEN RUSSIA'S DOOR.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 4.—A private message from Christiania says that i n spite of very severe cold during the past fortnight, the harbour of Archangel has been kept open by three new ice-breakers.

The harbour can be kept open until the middle of January, and possibly throughout the winter.—Central News.

### MORGUE AND A MOSQUE.

A private dispatch from Berlin, says the Central News, says that all Mohammedan prisoners of war in Germany (in accordance with the Kaiser's orders) are now being gathered in a special camp at the town of Zossen, built for the purpose, with a special morgue, a mosque, and other establishments.

### BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

LAS PALMAS, Jan. 4.—The German steamer Otaiv, from Pernambuco, has landed here ninety-three sailors who were handed over to her by the commerce raider Kronprinz Wilhelm.

The sailors belonged to the crews of various French ships sunk by the Kronprinz Wilhelm, and fifty-five men from the British steamer Bellevue, which was captured on December 4 by the Kronprinz Wilhelm, which took 3,000 tons of coal. The Bellevue was finally sunk on December 20.—Reuter.

[The Bellevue, of 3,614 tons, belonged to Glasgow.]

# GERMANS DRIVEN OUT OF TRENCHES BY FLAMES FROM THEIR OWN BOMBS

**French Victory in Alsace  
Crowns Three Days'  
Fierce Fighting.**

**GUNS HIDDEN IN FOREST  
OF FIRS.**

**Allies' Heavy Artillery Again  
Silences the Germans' Big  
Batteries.**

**ENEMY'S SAPPING CHECKED BY  
MORTARS AND GRENADES.**

The French advance in Alsace continues. Slowly but surely the tricolour is being borne forward, in the "Lost Provinces," and the French troops are burning with enthusiasm at the prospect of an attack on Mulhouse and Strasbourg.

The capture of Steinbach was only accomplished after three days of desperate fighting, which ended in the French storming the position. Finally the Germans were driven from their first line of trenches in a remarkable way. They had been throwing incendiary bombs, but a strong wind arose and blew the flames upon the Huns, forcing them to withdraw.

Now the town of Cernay lies at the mercy of the French, and its capture would leave Mulhouse open to attack.

**ALLIES SWEEP FORWARD  
NEAR ST. GEORGES.**

**Germans Lose 500 Yards of Trenches—  
Grenades Stop Foes' Sapping.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium, in spite of the state of the ground and the difficulties arising therefrom, our infantry made progress along the dunes facing Nieupont.

In the region of St. Georges we won at different points 200, 300 and 500 yards of ground, carrying houses and trench formations.

At several points the Belgian artillery silenced the German batteries.

In the region of Notre Dame de Lorette—west of Lens—we have entirely stopped the sapping work of the enemy, thanks to our mortars and our grenades.

In the neighbourhood of the Lille road the Germans blew up one of our trenches and seized it, but an immediate counter-attack made us masters of it once more.

From the Oise to the Vosges no infantry action is reported.

In the region of Craonne and of Rheims there has been artillery fighting.

Our batteries successfully bombarded the enemy's positions in the valley of Spusses, as well as in the region of Perthes and of Beausejour.

The same occurred in the Argonne and on the heights of the Meuse.

In Alsace south-east of the Col du Bonhomme we entered the hamlet of Creux Argent, about a mile and a quarter west of Orbe, and we are establishing ourselves there.

The gains obtained on the Thann road at Cernay have been maintained at a point east of Old Thann and the fire of our heavy artillery east of Upper Burnhaupt silenced that of the enemy.—Reuter.

**HOW STEINBACH FELL.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—The *Matin* gives details of the fall of Steinbach, which was captured by the French troops after three days' fierce fighting.

During the 29 and 30th contingents managed to cross the River Thur above Thann, and on the 30th at dawn the French troops opened fire on the German guns, which were cleverly concealed in a forest of fir-trees.

On the heights of Wattweiher the trees were so dense that the aeroplane scouts were unable to see anything, but by the courage of the French cavalry the enemy's batteries were finally discovered, and at nightfall they had been silenced by the French 75s.

This permitted the infantry to occupy all the heights around Steinbach.

The French learned from hostages who escaped from the village that thirty soldiers of the Landsturm who did not seem very resolute were shot in the central square of the village.

At noon the order was given to storm the village. During the whole day the most terrible hand-to-hand and house-to-house fighting ensued.

Time after time the infantry had to charge with the bayonet, and finally the French troops succeeded in driving the Germans out of the last house of the village and became masters of the position.

The Germans, who had been throwing incen-

diary bombs, had to retire further and vacate their first line of trenches, a heavy wind which was then blowing having brought back the flames upon them and set their trenches on fire.

Exchange.

**AIRMAN OVER RHINE.**

LAUSANNE, Jan. 4.—The capture of Steinbach illustrates the tragic side of reconquest as the whole village has been destroyed.

The important town of Cernay, a mile away, now lies at the mercy of the French guns, and if its capture would leave Mulhouse open to attack.

The French, however, hesitate to recommence the work of destruction.

French aeroplanes are seen almost daily over the Rhine and Black Forest.—Central News.

**BOMBARDMENT OF SOISSONS.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—*The Petit Parisien* says that after a period of quiet lasting since Christmas the bombardment of Soissons has recommenced. The new quarter situated north-east of the town has suffered specially and the Germans are keeping up an incessant fire.—Central News.

**RUSSIAN ARMY SWEEPING  
FORWARD IN HUNGARY.**

**Eight Communes Occupied by Tsar's Forces—  
Turkish Army Corps Captured.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—The Information News Agency's Petrograd correspondent states that the Russians now occupy eight communes in Hungary and that several Austrian divisions in the Carpathians have been surrounded by the invading armies.—Central News.

ROME, Jan. 5.—A telegram from the *Messaggero d'Italia* correspondent states that the Russians have completely occupied Bukovina. They have captured Dorna Watra and occupied Martakani and Jakobeni, in Transylvanian territory.

The Russian army in Transylvania is composed of Rumanian soldiers living in Bessarabia.—Central News.

**WHEN RUMANIA WILL STRIKE.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—*The Matin* is convinced that the Russian advance in Hungary is unlike previous raids made into the north of Hungary.

"The victory gained south of the Carpathians, on Hungarian soil," says the journal, "should particularly gladden us, for upon a solid and definitive occupation of the north of Hungary depends the appearance upon the scene of the Rumanian army."

The *Matin* believes that the date of the active intervention of Rumania has been wrongly fixed. What Rumania desires, it says, is that her action shall be decisive.

In order that her army may march straight upon Budapest it must be covered on its right by the Russian Army and on its left by the Serbian Army. Then the Rumanian Army will strike.—Reuter.

**WHOLE BATTALION CAPTURED.**

PETROGRAD, Jan. 4.—An official communiqué from the Headquarters Staff states:—

In the direction of Milawa the enemy, who forced the Russian line south of the road to Plonsk and Gorzow, was repulsed, retreating with the Russians many prisoners and one gun.

On the Vista and near Kempa and Polsk steamers armed with guns appeared.

In West Galicia on January 2 the Russians, advancing, took more than 1,000 prisoners and several guns.

In the region of the Uzok Pass the Russians have taken prisoners a whole battalion with ten officers.—Central News.

**ADVANCE ON CRACOW.**

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 4.—A private message from Berlin reports that exceedingly strong Russian forces are now advancing towards Cracow.

Evidently the original plan for these new Russian armies was to outflank the Austrians; but that plan must have been changed and the Russians are now making a big, widespread frontal attack on the Austrian Cracow armies.

Violent fighting is developing, but the German

message says that a new strong Austro-German offensive is hoped for in Poland within a few days which will be able to lighten the Russian pressure on the Austrians at Cracow.—Central News.

PITROGRAD, Jan. 5.—The Russian troops have gained a decisive victory at Sarykamisch, in the Caucasus.

The whole of the Ninth Turkish Army Corps were taken prisoners. The Russians are continuing the pursuit.

In other quarters the Turkish troops are in full rout.—Reuter.

**ITALIAN WARSHIPS FIRE  
ON ALBANIAN REBELS.**

**Essad Pasha's Appeal for Help at Durazzo—  
Insurgents Marching on Valona ?**

ROME, Jan. 4.—A telegram from Durazzo says:—Yesterday morning the insurgents, in a letter signed by the Moslem Committee, demanded that the French and Serbian Ministers should be handed over to them.

At 4.30 p.m. yesterday at eight an attack on the town was begun. Essad Pasha, who went to the trenches, informed the Italian Legation that there was grave danger and asked for all possible help.

The Legation informed the battleships in the port.

At 2.30 a.m. some shots were fired by the Italian warships Misurata and Sardegna in defence of the town. The insurgents' fire then stopped.

The Italian colony, with the members of the Legations, embarked on board the Sardegna and Misurata.—Reuter.

ROME, Jan. 5.—A rebel column from Durazzo is reported to be ostensibly marching on Berat, but it is feared that their real aim is Valona.—Exchange Spectator.

ROME, Jan. 5.—*The Tribuna* says it learns from private sources that the demand of the Albanian insurgents for the surrender to them of the French and Serbian Ministers was made in the name of the Pope, and at the instigation of Turkish officers, on the ground that they were subjects of States at war with Turkey.

The *Tribuna* adds that the demand of the insurgents was contrary to International Law.—Reuter.

**KING'S DEATH-BED DRAMA.**

PARIS, Jan. 5.—*The Matin* to-day relates that the late King Leopold II, when the forts of Antwerp, Huy and Namur were being constructed under his orders, found among his entourage and his familiar friends a spirit of resistance to his plans which caused him the greatest dissatisfaction.

The *Matin* in this connection gives the following account of the last days of the King's reign:

His Majesty was lying down in readiness for the terrible operation, the results of which were destined to be fatal, when the Military Bill, which was very near to his heart, came up for discussion in the Chamber.

Turning towards the doctor, the King said: "How long have I to live?"

"I am not asking for fine words. I know that I am nearing my end."

"I fear early to-morrow," he said.

The Minister came and the King said to him: "Sir, I am delighted that the Chamber has passed the Military Law, which will give New Belgium the case to need to fight for her independence. I beg you to take the Bill to the Senate to-day."

"You will tell the senators that their old King, on the point of death, asks them to pass in their favour what they can of the Bill without modifications, this Bill, in order that it may be possible to promulgate it without delay."

This was done, as the Monarch requested. On the same day the Bill was adopted unanimously and without discussion by the Senate. King Leopold signed it at eight o'clock, and on the following morning at two o'clock he breathed his last.—Reuter.

**DRUNKEN SENTRIES.**

Two were stationed outside the central railway station in Antwerp, which was full of officers of the Imperial Government.

They took me for an Englishman, and I had rather a serious time getting past them, yet they carried loaded rifles with fixed bayonets, yet they could not even find the German sentries.

They could not even find the German sentries. Two women who I met and warned at the next corner made a quarter-mile detour to avoid them.

I am telling these incidents, first, to show that a myth is the wonderful discipline of the German Army and to give an idea how hard the Germans are making it for the Belgians.

In spite of the marvellous organisation of the German Army, it is the least disciplined of the four armies I have been with since the war began.

**CAN DO NO WRONG.**

Whatever a German soldier does to a Belgian he is all right in the eyes of his commander. He is licensed to behave as freely as he likes and no Belgian dares resent it.

It is amazing to me that the Belgians have not long ago taken measures for some of the things they have had to suffer.

On the road from Louvain to Liege I had to put up to the most contemptuous remarks from a German Lieutenant regarding an American flag which I was displaying.

**SNEAK AT FLAG.**

"What's that thing?" he snapped, in an insultingly pointing to the flag.

Naturally I resented this, particularly as he was obviously an educated man, and spoke as good English as I do.

If he had been an ignorant private I could have excused it, but it was all I could do not to strike and take the consequences. He knew it, too, and took obvious joy in baiting me.

"Take it down, take it down!" he bawled, stamping his foot. "No flag is allowed here but the German flag!"

**UNDER IRON HEEL OF  
PRUSSIAN BULLY.**

**How Hapless Belgians Are In-  
sulted by Kaiser's "Mission-  
aries of Culture."**

**WOMEN TERRORISED.**

The Prussian Bull has thoroughly established "a reign of terror" in Brussels, and enjoys nothing so much as "baiting" with provocative words the helpless inhabitants.

The "Prussian Missionaries of culture" are licensed to behave as freely as they like, and no Belgian dares resent insults.

Drunken soldiers terrify defenceless women, and their officers turn a blind eye to their fellow Hun's behaviour.

During ten days spent in Belgium, the *New York World* correspondent, who writes of life in Brussels, says he saw at least fifty German soldiers drunk on duty.

**"WHAT'S THAT THING?"**

In his description of life in Brussels, the writer says:—

"I watched three drunken German soldiers the other afternoon staggering up and down the Rue Neuve, the busiest street in Brussels.

"They were enjoying themselves hugely, grabbing at passing women and shouting at them in a loud voice.

"The *Matin* kept it up for an hour, and during that time I counted more than 200 officers who saw them without making the slightest attempt to stop them.

"Civilians, of course, were helpless. The women, in fact, were pushing their husbands out of the way in fear for their safety.

During the ten days I have seen at least fifty German soldiers drunk on duty.

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**HOW AIRMAN WAS SAVED**

THE HAGUE, Jan. 5.—With reference to the rescue of Flight Commander Hewlett in the North Sea, the following details may be regarded as authentic.

When the steam trawler Maria van Hattem (skipper C. Coyn) was fishing on December 25 north of Heligoland she saw at 94deg. 50m. north latitude, 7deg. east longitude an aeroplane approaching apparently in distress.

When close by the airman asked for assistance and after the skipper had ascertained that the airman was in danger of his life, principally in consequence of the bad weather, he took him aboard.

Before leaving the machine Flight Commander Hewlett destroyed and sank the seaplane.

The trawler then continued her fishing, and arrived at Yarmouth on New Year's Eve.

The skipper declared that he did not see a single beligerent war vessel after the rescue of Commander Hewlett, and the airman was therefore allowed to return to England, as he was regarded as a shipwrecked mariner according to Article II. of The Hague Peace Convention.—Reuter.



At Maidenhead an officer has to wade knee deep in water on leaving his billet, while another arrives at the hotel in which he is quartered in a punt.—  
(Daily Mirror photographs.)



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P.H.

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No more continual "practice"—more wearisome grinding at "scales" and "exercises."

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System has banished these burdens of the pianist, and the average player achieves in a few months a mastery of the piano previously only attainable after years of laborious "practice." There is no monotonous keyboard drudgery, no fatigue; improvement starts with the very first lesson and every succeeding lesson is a definite step towards the permanent mastery of the instrument.

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## Waring & Gillow's 'One Day in January'

ON THE DAY between the 4th and 30th of January on which our Cash Sales at our Oxford Street Galleries are largest, Waring & Gillow propose to hand over the total amount of each individual purchase up to £250 to the War Charities in the name of the Customer under the following conditions:—

THE Certificate of our Auditors, Messrs. Harris, Allan & Co., will be published on the 10th of February, and if you bought on the day of the highest takings and paid within seven days, you will then be asked to designate the charities you wish to benefit and the amount spent will be sent in your name to the charities you select.

The above plan applies to all individual purchases in our Oxford Street Galleries from 1/- to £250. If you buy on the day of the highest sales more than the £250 worth of goods, £250 of it will be allocated as you wish, provided the amount is paid in cash at the time or within seven days from the date of purchase.

Thus we provide the opportunity for you to purchase goods of the Waring & Gillow style and quality at greatly reduced prices and at the same time enable you to benefit the War Charities.

**SPECIMEN BARGAINS**  
from thousands here  
which can be obtained during January.

"Salon" Seamless Carpets for Drawing Rooms.  
12ft. by 9ft.  
Usual price £6 19 6 Reduced to £5 18 6

Service of Cut Glass in Old Georgian Design.  
Complete for 12 Persons.  
Regular price £6 6 0 Reduced to £4 2 6

3,500 Yards 50in. "Sundour."  
Unmercerised and Unfadable Casement Material,  
in many different colours.  
Usual price 1/9d a yard Reduced to 1/2d a yard.

250 Handsome Reproduction Real Lace  
Bedspreads.  
Double Bed size only.  
Usual price 7/1 Reduced to 3/11½.

52-piece Dinner Services.  
Finest English Earthenware, delicate colour, Lowestoft  
design border, gilt edge, round covered pieces.  
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# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1915.

## THE FUTURE.

WHEN WE speak here of the future we do not hint at a discussion of the re-distribution of Europe after the war. Let all humbler folk leave that to Mr. Shaw. For the moment we are thinking of the future of those infants now patriotically waving flags and wearing coloured badges in all the cities of our world.

What will these be like, what will they be doing when they are in full stream who now only hover on the brink? The meeting of members of the teaching profession at the annual conference of Educational Associations naturally brings this matter to the mind.

These congregated teachers, many suppose, have the mysterious future in their power. For what, very roughly, is this future we speak of? For humanity, it is simply what those flag-waving infants shall make it. And the teachers inspire the infants. If you want to reform the babes, you must first improve the grown-ups. And that, say the experienced, is impossible. Therefore you cannot improve anything.

But even if you cannot reform teachers, who are middle-aged, it is possible that you may, under pressure of big events, get them to see that their views need a little adaptation to changing circumstances.

Gradually, for example, it has come to seem that a long stumbling over the grammars of Greek and Latin is insufficient as a means of encouraging the future to be interested in the true humanities. A cure for all book-love: so we might describe the influence upon infants—that is, upon the future—of this prolonged grappling with dead words, this gerund-grinding. While so many of our officers and men at the front vainly regret that the gerund-grinding, now a lost memory, had not for them given way to some learning of modern tongues, the old muddling of syntax and metrical laws seems more than ever obsolete. Some of the teachers even begin to acknowledge it. Very guardedly, Bishop Wuldon expressed to the Conference his fear that "education to-day was not wholly free from the taint of civic uselessness." The changed perspective calls forth such admissions.

But thus reviewing our own infants, who represent our own future, we cannot help also thinking of our enemy's future and of his infants.

Certainly we will not say of him that his education suffers from "the taint of civic uselessness." From birth to maturity, in and out of season, from dawn to full daylight, is the German infant given the civic twist—taught incessantly to remember his Germanism, his position as a patriot. And that in Germany, State-led, Prussia-led, has meant inevitably that the infant must remember, in preferring Germany, to detest all other countries, all other educations. Germany above all of them! The civic usefulness thus instilled has, we know, resulted in a world-folly.

True to one's country, narrowly conceived; false to humanity . . . Is it a dilemma?

We will answer only that the plan of "teaching patriotism" (apparently favoured by Bishop Wuldon) seems to us not to have resulted in Germany in a very amiable type. We in England no doubt vaingloriously believe we do not need the lesson. On the other hand, civic uselessness need not be deliberately aimed at by dead vocables inspiring a hatred of all books.

In our doubts, however, about this future we think we can assist in moulding, we of the middle age might perhaps not unjustly recommend one piece of advice to the infants now flag-waving. We might say: "Dear children. Whatever you are, remember to be different from us. Don't be like us, dear children. Look about you and see why."

W. M.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### THE MAN WHO WRITES.

CAN YOU do something, however small, towards correcting what is, according to my own experience, the practically universal idea among employers that because a man happens to be a writing man he must necessarily be a fool in other matters?

Apparently employers of every sort and kind have this idea so strongly rooted in their minds that it is impossible to eradicate it. In common with many other free workers the writer, as a serial fiction, is associated with the bath of war, for the fiction market is, to put it plainly, dead. High and low I have sought employment of any other kind. As a result of the

of the Allies, and can hardly wait for the ultimate victory, of which we have never had much doubt. All the feeling here is for the Allied troops; no one seems to want Germany to win!

K. E. MICHELL-MILLET.

### TOO SLOW AND TOO FAST.

SOME people may be too slow in alighting from trains and trams, as "C. L." suggests, but others are undoubtedly too quick. They will persist in jumping from vehicles in motion, despite the warnings displayed everywhere against this foolhardy action. Such people evidently consider their lives absolutely valueless—and they should know—but when getting out myself I generally

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

Special Resolves for a New Year in Time of Crisis.

### PAY YOUR BILLS.

TO PAY one's bills, one's taxes and all one's debts promptly—there's a good resolution for war time.

Taxes, because the country wants them. Bills, because many people are out of work and hard pressed at this season, and to keep money from the small trader is inevitably to add to distress. The people who dawdle over bill-paying are much more to be blamed than usual just now.

M. E. C.

Egerton-gardens, S.W.

### NO TIME FOR THE HOME.

THE BEST resolution for this New Year is to plan to do our duty in every walk of life, however humble it may be.

Many people seem to think they cannot be doing their duty unless they rush to the front or leave home and family to indulge in some sort of work for the common good.

I have three unmarried daughters and really I have scarcely seen anything of them since the war began. They are out night and day running wildly about and when they come home they are much too tired to speak to me.

I feel that it may be very selfish of me to complain, but still, as I am too old myself to do much in the way of attending to the needs of the house, I have to rely a little upon them. But nowadays they spend all their time helping.

OVER SEVENTY.  
Holland Park-avenue, W.

### A CURE FOR OLD HABITS.

SEVERAL of your correspondents seem to hope that the war will cure us all for ever of all our faults.

Isn't that rather too much to expect?

For instance, as regards this matter of snobbishness. Isn't it rather too much to hope that things should not settle down much as they were after the war is over? Are we going to cease to love dukes because they are dukes after that? I am afraid old habits have a way of reasserting themselves after a war is over.

F. L. K.

Merton-road, Bedford.

### NEW YEAR LUCK.

IT IS quite possible for a new year which makes a bad beginning to have a good ending, but a good start is half the battle won, and in our hearts I think we all prefer it.

Whether it be in national affairs, business or sport, we always hope to lead off well, and if we do not are apt to be disappointed.

START.

### PRAYER AND THE WAR.

WE NATURALLY pray to our dear friends at the front. Nobody would object to that sort of prayer.

L. N.

Fordham, Essex.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 5.—The lupins are some of the finest June-flowering perennials we can grow. *Polyphyllus* is the old-fashioned golden lupin with its lovely spikes of blue flowers. It does well in any deep-digged soil if given a sunny position. This species has now many beautiful varieties—white, yellow and blue, white. These are easily raised from seed which should be sown in April.

E. F. T.

### AMERICAN FEELING.

I HAVE just received a letter from an American cousin in Connecticut, U.S.A., in which occurs the following passage:—

"How terrible this war is! We think of it every day, and are so rejoiced at every victory

wait at the carriage door until the train has absolutely stopped, thus blocking the way of those who would be suicides."

### THE POWER OF ARMIES."

The power of Armies is a visible thing. Formal, and circumscribed in time and space; but who the limits of that power shall trace? Who the brave People into fight can bring? Or who the traitors, frauds, cowards, connivers? Just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase, No eye can follow, to a fatal place That power, that spirit, whether on the wing Like a tempest, or a tempest of the wind Within its awful caves. From year to year Springs this indigenous produce far and near. No craft this subtle element can bind, Rising like water from the earth, to find In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I always think that the first time one feels pain and helplessness teaches one a great deal about oneself. It is just yourself that you need to learn about.—Mandell Creighton.

# WOUNDED BELGIAN SOLDIERS LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

411910 W

411910 VI



The Belgian soldier has become a football enthusiast. He has seen our men playing at the front, and this has given him a great liking for the game. Even the wounded want to learn the rules, and these two men, who are undergoing treatment at Hadleigh, spend

a good deal of their time kicking a ball about. The fact that they are handicapped by crutches does not lessen their enthusiasm, and they hope, once they are fit and well again, to become quite good players.

## GENERAL A PRISONER.

411909 R



An Austrian general after being captured by the Russians. He surrendered with the whole of his staff.

## FRENCH AND GERMANS IN ONE GRAVE.

411908 K



Grave erected by the Germans. At its head is an iron cross. On the tombstone is inscribed, "German and French soldiers who died for their country. 'Be thou faithful unto death.'"

## PRINCE AT MANOEUVRES.

P. No 1 D



Prince Takeda conferring with his staff at the recent Japanese Army manœuvres. He is a very able soldier.

## RUSSIAN GUNS WHICH HAVE INFILCTED SUCH HEAVY LOSSES ON THE GERMANS.

411928



Russian artillery galloping into position. The Tsar's forces are now threatening Cracow, according to a report received yesterday; and heavy fighting is developing.

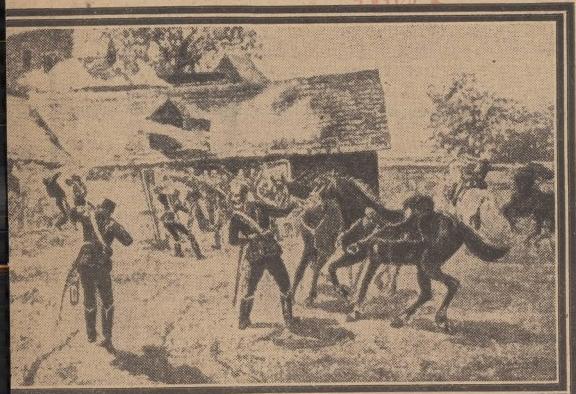
## GERMANY'S GENIUS FOR LYING.

41908 I



of Brandt's famous picture, "A Surprise," which a German artist faked in order to justify the ruthless destruction of property in Belgium.

41908 I



own, he altered the uniforms so as to make the soldiers look like Belgians, the press stating that the Huns had to burn the building down for their own protection as they were suddenly attacked while asleep inside. Prints were then distributed broadcast in Italy, Germany and Austria.

## LUCKY FAMILY: THREE SHIPWRECK ESCAPES.

P. 16839

P. 16839

P. 16839



Francis.



Mr. Wakeford, sen.



Charles.

Lieutenant Paymaster Francis H. Wakeford, one of the survivors from H.M.S. *Forrester*, is the third member of his family to survive shipwreck, his father and brother Charles having been rescued from the Empress of Ireland.

## SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FLOODED.

41908 E



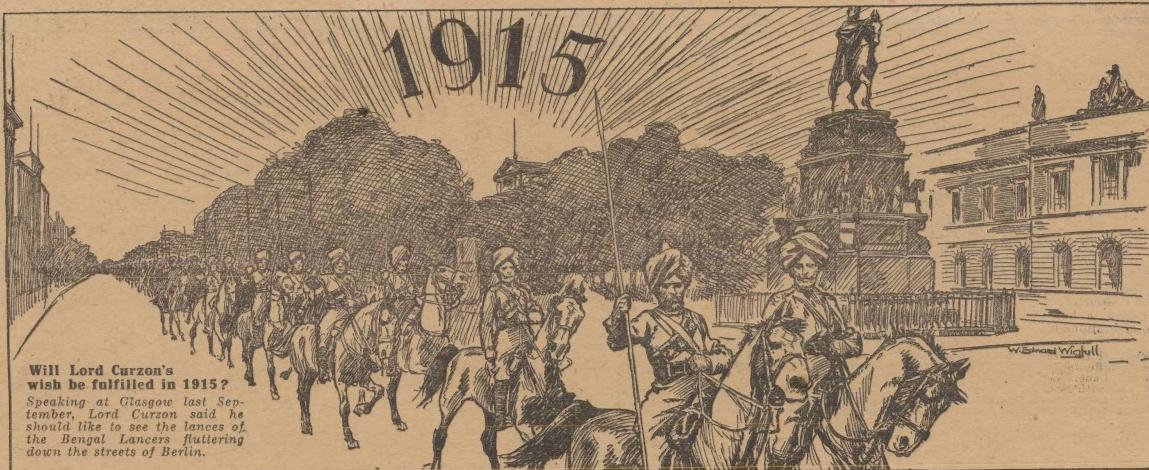
The interior of Salisbury Cathedral is flooded, and the photograph shows the curious effect which has been produced by the reflection in the water. Fortunately, however, the inundation has not risen to any great height.

## RUSSIAN GUNS WHICH HAVE INFILCTED SUCH HEAVY LOSSES ON THE GERMANS.

41908 B



Russian artillery galloping into position. The Tsar's forces are now threatening Cracow, according to a report received yesterday, and heavy fighting is developing.



**1915** will be the greatest year in the history of the world, since that far-off awful day when the unwilling sentence of Pontius Pilate was carried out.

**1915** will be fraught with heroic events which will live for untold ages in the memory of man—it needs no prophetic vision to realise this.

**THINK** what cataclysmic forces have been at work since August 4, 1914.

More History was made between last August Bank Holiday and Christmas Day than in all the years since Waterloo!

**BUT** the year 1915 is in all human certitude incomparably greater in its portents—1914 saw only the beginning of the struggle of the Titans, 1915 will see its crisis, perhaps its close.

**TO-DAY** the history of the heroic events is being told in reasoned chapters, with the most graphic pictorial documents, sooner than in times past it was possible for the newspaper press to convey the barest outlines to its readers.

**"THE GREAT WAR"** is the title of the most successful, the most brilliantly written, most copiously illustrated of the contemporary records.

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**1915** will be the vital year for **"THE GREAT WAR."**

It will teem with wonderful historical documents in the form of exclusive photographs and drawings of the great happenings, and its pages will register in brilliantly written chapters the events which are shaking civilisation to its foundations, and heralding a new era.

## A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE AT TRIFLING COST

If **"THE GREAT WAR"** is of surpassing interest to those at home, what must it be to those who are in the fighting line by land or sea. Most of us have a relative or friend with the colours and what finer compliment could be paid to that relative or friend on his return than to lend or give him the book which tells the story of the mighty drama in which he has played a part. With what delight will he turn its pages to read of stirring scenes of which he was an eye-witness or wander through its amazing picture gallery to recognise every now and then familiar places and people.

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# THE TWO LETTERS

*The Story of a Girl's Temptation.*

By META SIMMINS.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underneath is abhorrent to him.

**OTANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

**SIR GEORGE CLAIR**, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street. They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have come to you for your services," Miss Craven says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to her sister Valerie, with whom she lives.

On the mantelpiece there is the photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face of

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away, she catches sight of two letters on a table. One of them she is surprised to see, in Valerie's writing. As she opens it, she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads, her heart sinks with despair.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blinding operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain.

John Hillier is blind!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier alone and wants love. She could give it. She knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and in due time there is something to live for after all.

There are many things queer.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That evening, at dinner, she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old ruins, apparently killed by falling stones.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Gresyside, the beautiful old family house. Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged a maid-servant—Stanhope Lane.

Dr. Marazoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband will regain his sight.

They return to Gresyside together. One night, Hillier overhears Lane annoying his wife, and dismisses him. Something that Lane says before he goes makes Hillier suspicious. Gradually, through various means, he finds out the truth about him. For purposes of his own, he tells Sylvia that his sight will not come back so soon—if at all.

They return to London, where Seton, the missionary who knew Hillier in India, calls at their hotel.

## ON THE RACK.

"YOU are really very unaccountable people," Laurence Seton said as he shook hands with Sylvia. "The last time I saw you there was no conveyance rapid enough to accord with your desire to be back in the country. Now—hey presto! here you are again that you are gone before I find you back again, established 'for keeps'—by the look of you!"

Sylvia smiled faintly. "Well, it is not so very unaccountable when you come to think of it—Jack is naturally very restless. The country got on his nerves. He wanted to be within nearer touch with Dr. Marazoff. The last news was very, very dismal."

As Laurence Seton condoned suitably he watched the face of his hostess. By the look of it, it would appear that the country had got on her nerves also.

In London, at their first meeting in the British Museum in the days that had followed at the nursing home in Bloomsbury—he had thought her strangely troubled-looking, a woman who dreadfully smelt. Now it seemed to him, as he looked into her eyes, as though the dread had fallen.

Sylvia felt singularly uncomfortable under the glance of the missionary's kind, grave eyes. Already, though he had been in the room only a few moments, she regretted the impulse that had prompted her to write and ask him to call.

Only the loneliness of the first few days at the Hotel Majestic had been so intolerable... she felt that she must have talk with some friendly soul or two.

The terrible thing about the matter was that she had nothing whatever to complain of in her

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

husband's attitude towards her. Hillier's manner had been perfectly friendly and amiable—but that was the old wonderful intimacy that had come back. A veil had fallen between them—a veil she did not even attempt to pierce.

Jack knew! That thought was with her perpetually—her first waking consciousness, her torture when she floated uneasily over the borderland of sleep into a troubled world of dreams... a rhythm that beat itself out in accompaniment to the murmurous pulse of the London streets. Jack knew!

"Oh, but you must lose heart," Seton said. "I did not mean to have you worried—has retarded his recovery. You oughtn't to allow him to worry, you know. He was always inclined to be a fidgety Phil of a chap. I pin my faith absolutely to Marazoff. He'll win out in the end."

"It gives me heart to hear you say so," Sylvia said, but there was no reality in her words.

She spoke and looked like a woman in whom hope was dead, yet who was apparently content to live out life without hope. Seton was appalled by the attitude.

"Well, at least you have found a very pleasant pied-à-terre," he said, moving towards the window.

Apparently Mr. Lane had interpreted Hillier's desire for a comfortable, but not too fashionable, hotel with a very liberal mind.

He had said as much to Sylvia when he called on them on the afternoon of their arrival in town.

"I hope Sir John will be satisfied with the Majestic. It's so huge that, paradoxically, one can have more privacy here than in an inn—all myself. And I thought of you; I felt that it would be cheerful for you to have this delightful view."

Sylvia had been grateful to the old man for his kindly thought. Only for that little balcony that dominated the Thames Embankment and the shining sweep of the river, he could not have endured life at all during these lonely days that had, at last, driven her to send for the only friend she had in London.

"Yes, isn't our view charming? This little balcony is a positive trap to catch sunbeams."

Seton glanced round the room. It was charmingly decorated in pale hues, and the furniture had been skilfully arranged by Sylvia's home-making fingers. Even in these few days it had lost its conventional look of a smart hotel apartment and had a familiar and a cosy

into Laurence Seton's heart came a swift regret that money had come into the lives of these two people who had been so ideally and unmistakably happy in the days of their poverty.

A little silence fell between them as they stood together on the balcony watching the "lighted saloons" of the cars moving majestically between the shadowy trees.

So far, though Hillier's name had been mentioned freely enough, there had been no actual inquiry for him. It struck Seton as strange that the man had not come in to welcome him; then, as he reflected, it came to him that this charming and cheerful sitting-room was essentially a woman's room. There were no traces in it of male personality.

"How I have the pleasure of seeing Jack?" he asked blithely.

In the twilight of the balcony Sylvia coloured.

"Really—I am not altogether sure whether he is in this evening," she said in a confused way. "He has been so dreadfully busy and engaged since we came up to town—we are in actual danger of becoming a semi-detached couple!"

She had recovered herself gallantly and her soft laughter floated out on the evening air.

There was a note in the laughter that went straight to Seton's heart. For once he acted entirely upon impulse.

"Then defeat that danger at once, my dear child," he said. "You must forgive me—and consider me as a privileged person—if I speak very, very frankly to you. There is something strong between you two. Please, please, my friend, there is nothing in all the world that can make up to either of you, if you lose the inestimable happiness of the perfect love and perfect confidence which is the true bond between husband and wife."

For a second or two Sylvia stood motionless. She could not have spoken; it was as though a hand was at her throat, choking her. But once again the impulse to speak took the whole truth to this man torn at her throat.

"Yes, you are right. There is something wrong, dreadfully and appallingly wrong, she broke out in a curious little choked voice. She leaned her head down on the ledge of the balcony, and with a desperate abandonment broke into a storm of tears.

"Hullo... Valerie?" Hillier's voice, speaking in the room behind them, made her start convulsively. "Where are you? Your maid told me you were away."

"There are two of us here, old chap," Seton said, gaily. "I'm here sentimentalising over the river. You've got a most gorgeous view—"

"Seton?" There was a marked cordiality in Hillier's tone. "It is very good of you to look us up so soon. I suppose my wife let you know of our arrival? I have to depend on her so entirely, you know."

"I am uncommonly delighted to hear you were in town," Seton said. He spoke with more than his usual animation. "Not only because it is very pleasant to meet old friends—but also from a selfish point of view. I'm going to victimise you two—I give you fair warning."

"Really, Mr. Seton! This is very alarming!"

He had given Sylvia time to recover herself. There was no trace of tears in her gay voice now. Its gaiety, indeed, struck a blow at Hillier's heart.

"Yes, and with reason. It is a fair case of Stand and deliver—your money or your presence at my charity fete—preferably both."

"Oh, you've begun to beg, too, have you?"

Hillier said, smiling.

"I'm rather... Where the carcase is there shall the angels be gathered together, you understand that!" Seton laughed. "Have you been badly bothered with appeals?"

"Well—there has been rather a locust cloud," Sylvia admitted. "But you are absolutely different. I should love to come to your fete—and Jack, too," she added, a little timidly.

"Wouldn't you, Jack?"

"Rather!" The situation appealed to Hillier's bitter soul. He realised to the full what the woman must be going through. The moment of the last occasion on which Laurence Seton's name was mentioned was vividly before his mind.

"It's in the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, and ought to be rather charming—if the weather is all merciful. I have endeavoured to organise a species of theatrical garden-party for my beloved old mission at Magala. I'm not going back with empty pockets, I'm determined upon that."

"We owe the mission hospital a great debt, eh, Valerie?"

There was an undercurrent of meaning in Hillier's voice; it was not lost on the shrinking girl.

"Then you'll pay your debt by coming to-morrow?"

"Most certainly."

"What's more than kind of you, I think it will be rather good fun," Seton said, conscious of some electrical disturbance in the atmosphere, unable to understand it altogether. "You are morally certain to meet a lot of old friends—and that is always very pleasant for us Indian folk."

"Rather!" Hillier laughed, and his laughter was like the lash of a whip about Sylvia's heart. "That will be something to look forward to. You will be in time, Valerie—after all these months of exile."

Laurence Seton was conscious of the venom in Hillier's tone. He glanced in quick distress from the blind man's face, of which only the lower portion was visible beneath the disfiguring bandages, to the white, terrified face of the wife.

He had a strange feeling, as of a man who has placed an instrument of torture into a vindictive hand.

His sentences stumbled as he strove to talk gaily about this fete, of which, up till this moment, his heart had been so full.

ing bandages, to the white, terrified face of the wife.

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## A MEETING AND A RECOGNITION,

**HILLIER** came into his wife's room the following afternoon just as she was putting on her gloves. The day had been misty in the morning, but now the sun shone as though it loved the organiser of the fete for the mission of Magala—as Hillier phrased it.

"Seton's a lucky dog. Ready, Valerie? That's good. I hope you are looking even more attractive than usual—you must not forget that, as Seton said, we are bound to meet old friends and acquaintances. I want you to do me credit."

Every word was a stab. Sylvia, looking at her white face in the glass, wondered if he could have seen all that was written for the world to see. He would have had mercy.

It is practically our first public appearance. I don't think we can afford to miss it. I'm sorry I should be such an object of pity, but we must not spare ourselves in the objects of charity. Of Seton's charity, especially—we owe such an incalculable debt to Seton."

Sylvia's hand tightened on the sharp edge of the table, as though she would strike by sheer

(Continued on page 13.)

## SOLDIER'S RECORD.



Canadian soldier has a record made to send home to his parents. Many soldiers are now having discs made which reproduce their voices.



SHAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Tommy always endeavours to look smart, as is seen by this Dragoon in France, who is using his Boot cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish as a mirror.

**For Soldiers' Wives.**

Lady Henry Somerset, whom I always remember as the champion of the much-abused bachelor, has now taken upon herself the championship of the soldier's lonely wife.

Lady Henry Somerset. She has started a Women's War Club in Battersea, which has proved so successful that other clubs on the same lines are to be started.

**Not "Institutions."**

These clubs are run by the members themselves, who form the committees and draw up the rules. They are designed to provide a place of meeting for women, particularly soldiers' wives, during these times of stress. Princess Louise, I hear, visited the Battersea Club last week, and was greatly interested in the success of the undertaking.

**Champion of the Bachelor.**

When I wrote just now of Lady Henry Somerset's championship of bachelors I was remembering her outspoken comments on the proposed bachelor tax some two years ago. Such a tax she described as "monstrous." She also spoke strongly in defence of the bachelor on another occasion, and I remember her, too, for her strong letter to *The Times*, about four years ago, on the subject of scandalmongering—the result of a series of articles which appeared in the American Press over her signature, containing gossip and scandal about well-known members of London society, which she had never written.

**Really Well-dressed.**

Cold, are you? Well, listen to this from a motorcyclist friend at the front—"In addition to ordinary underclothes, I am wearing a sweater, a cardigan, a leather-lined waistcoat, a scarf, then my tunic, another scarf, a leather coat, and finally an overcoat. Also we wear gloves and woollen helmets. Even with all these clothes we feel the cold, as the winds are so bitter!"

**Showed Them Their Iron Crosses.**

Writing home, a Sussex officer in the Field Artillery, speaks in a letter which I saw yesterday of Germans and English crowded together between the two opposing wire entanglements on Christmas Day, and said it "beat cockfighting." "Tommy Atkins was swopping woodbines for rank cigars and talking a desperate jingo of cockney French and pidgin English," he said. "A subaltern had been talking to a chap who was head waiter at the Trocadero two years ago. Several had iron crosses, and if you didn't ask to see them they asked you to look at them."

**All Knew It.**

"I found one small, grubby, ill-shaven fellow who had a few words of English. I asked him if he had ever been to England, and he said 'No, but am clerk. Do business with England.' 'What is your business?' I shrieked with joy as he gravely said 'Exporter of mouth organs.' The one phrase of English they all seem to know is 'Made in Germany.'"

**Too Inquisitive Kaiser.**

A friend reminded me yesterday of a story of Admiral May and the Kaiser which used to be told a good deal in the Navy ten years ago. It was on the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to King Edward, and the Emperor was making an inspection of one of our newest battleships. Admiral May was acting as guide. The Kaiser was continually asking questions of the men on duty as to their work or concerning some object at hand, and the answer invariably returned was, "I don't know, your Majesty."

**Nobody Knew.**

On receiving this same reply from a signalman whom he had questioned on some trivial point, the baffled Kaiser turned with a smile to his guide and said, "You don't intend that I should learn much aboard this ship?" Unthinkingly he replied, "I don't know, your Majesty." Then both laughed heartily, but the Emperor said to the King later on, "If your Navy can fight as well as it can keep its own counsel it is invincible." The imperial opinion is being proved now.

**Sore.**

Various reports suggest that the Germans are finding Warsaw too hard to take and are intending to abandon further attempts to capture the Polish capital. A correspondent—who wisely prefers to remain anonymous—suggests that they are "War-sore."

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

**Alsace in the Limelight Again.**

It is quite like the earliest days of the war to find Alsace occupying the most important part of the French official communiqué just now. In those days we knew nothing used to look to the Alsatian border to produce all the fighting; instead the battles came nearer home, and Alsace became one of those places about which there was a continual "nothing to report."

**"Looking It Up."**

But for the past few days things have been moving down at that far end of the battle line that stretches from Nieuport to the Swiss frontier. New names crop up that send us scurrying to the guide books to find out about them. I spent a very interesting hour yesterday in guide book idling.

**The Fame of St. Die.**

St. Die, for instance; until the communiqués began recording its bombardment the other day I knew it only as one of those towns I was always going to visit and never did. St. Die, which figures so largely in the fight now, should be one of the most famous places in Europe. I admit my ignorance. I didn't know it before—but perhaps not very many of the ninety odd million inhabitants of the United States know it either, so I sin in large company. St. Die is the town in which the name America was born.

**America Invented There.**

It happened this way. Amerius Vespucci, the explorer who followed close upon the heels of Columbus in discovering the New World, had his letters and accounts of his travels printed in 1507 at the College Press of St. Die. He who edited that book—some worthy monk, I presume—first suggested that the New World should be called after Amerius Vespucci, America. And so it was. But surely the States should raise a protest against the German bombardment of the town from which the name of their world sprang.

**"Chevalier Hansi."**

And writing of Alsace reminds me that Hansi, the famous Alsatian caricaturist, has been given the Legion of Honour. Hansi, you will remember, dared to draw pictures that annoyed Prussian officialdom. The "arch-high-super-Wilie" court of Leipzig, or whatever the supreme court in that city is called, tried the dangerous prisoner early in July last and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. But Hansi escaped across the French frontier, and before the French and German papers had finished discussing the case the war came.



Hansi.

**The Awful Truth.**

Hansi—his real name is Johann Jakob Waltz—committed the fearful offence of publishing a Christmas book in French, which he called "Mon Village." It was dedicated "To those who never forget," and it told some plain truths about the Prussian occupation of his beloved Alsace.

Among other things he said, "When cheers for the Kaiser are called for, the children of Alsace only pretend to join in. Those cheers are like the howls of beasts of prey."

**No Germans There Soon.**

This was sedition the court held, and the artist was sentenced accordingly. But the sentence will not, I think, ever be carried out. Colmar, where Hansi was to have surrendered himself to the German police, we may look for in the French communiqués—it is one of the next places on the line of advance, and somehow I think that the helmeted German policeman has almost ceased to harass that pleasant town forever.

**Sacrificed Her Tresses.**

A young Vosgienne, in order that the soldiers at the front might have a New Year's present from her, I read, cut off her hair and sent it to the Paris *Matin*, with the following letter: "Will you be so good as to sell my hair. I would have done it myself and sent you the money if I had been nearer a town. I would like to have sent you some money without cutting my hair, but that would not have been a sacrifice. I wished to give you something that cost me something. I trembled a little while cutting it, and I could not repress a tear. But I thought of France, of our soldiers who every day make so many sacrifices, and that settled it."

**Tickling Gold Into the Safe.**

I have been given some amusing, but true, instances of how the Huns are performing the delicate operation of tickling gold into the German safe. The truth of the matter is that while the German is said to be as optimistic as ever, he is a very canny beggar and harts parting with his gold in exchange for "scraps of paper."

**Come and See the Pictures.**

Threats having been used, the Government is now trying to cajole its loyal Germans, and is using very quaint devices. At Muellheim-on-Rhine everyone exchanging a gold mark (10s.) piece for paper money is given a free seat at a picture palace, while at one of Cologne's best schools, the Frederick-William Gymnasium, a teacher managed to collect £900 from his pupils. What it comes to is simply that Germany is at her wits' ends for gold.

**To-day's Football Communiqué.**

Eighteen more footballs yesterday, making 820 in all. One hundred and eighty more for the thousand. Excellent progress! That is my football communiqué to-day.

**Others Please Copy.**

I am very nearly able to keep abreast of the applicants. For two or three days past I have been able to send off a football by return of post to every applicant from the front; therefore, I think we are doing splendidly. To-day I have to thank Miss Winnie Haytor and fifteen members of the pantomime company of the Grand Theatre, Leeds, for the football they have bought for "Tommy" from subscriptions raised among themselves. Miss Haytor is following the good example set by her sister actress, Miss Wyat, at Hull. Other companies please copy.

**Worth Helping.**

Who will help to complete the thousand footballs by the end of the month? One thousand footballs will mean pleasure for thirty or forty thousand "Tommies." It is a scheme worth helping.

**Miss Gerard Appears.**

The old London Pavilion had quite a festive appearance on Monday night, when Miss Teddy Gerard, who was one of the first to start the bare-backed photograph craze, made her first appearance with the ubiquitous Mr. Harry Pilcer in a new song and dance scene. A friendly audience, the women very brilliantly gowned, gave them a great welcome.

Miss Teddy Gerard.

All the songs and the dialogue in this scene are written in the intimate strain. Mr. Pilcer is addressed as Harry. Miss Gerard is referred to as Teddy. In the audience was Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who has been for so long associated on the stage with Mr. Pilcer. It was Gaby who sent up one of the biggest bouquets, and there were really enough flowers to start a respectable florist in business. Quite a fine evening for the old Pav., and really very amusing.

**At the Criterion.**

The Belgian company at the Criterion Theatre have a new play this week. It is a pleasant play of Belgian life, with quite enough love interest. As before, our guests prove themselves to be remarkable artists. M. Libeau, as Dresidder—especially in a paper cap—is delightful; Mlle. Jane Delmar gave us some pretty pathos. Altogether, "La Demoiselle de Magasin" should be a success.

**Won't Be a Corporal.**

A journalist friend joined a couple of months ago a Guards regiment, and was yesterday telling me all about it. Of course, he likes the work immensely, and the Army has literally turned him into a giant. But he rather amazed me when he said that he declined the offer of a corporal's stripes. His reason was that as a corporal he might be put on clerical work, and, as he explained, he wants to fight, not write.

THE RAMBLER.

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## ILFORD RAILWAY ACCIDENT

THREE

£1,000

## Insurances Now Paid

Another £1,000 claim was paid on Monday by "The Daily Mail" as the result of the railway collision at Ilford on Friday last. The insured reader was

**MR. GEORGE RICHARDSON, 25, COMO STREET, ROMFORD.**

This makes a total of three £1,000 claims already paid by "The Daily Mail" in respect of this one accident. Two other insured readers also received their first instalments of "disability benefit"—£3 a week up to twelve weeks. This brings the number of "Daily Mail" readers receiving disability allowance through this accident up to seven, or a total of 10 claims for death and disablement paid up to date since Saturday.

"The Daily Mail" paid two claims of £1,000 each last year and has now paid 138 claims in all since January 1, 1914.

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Eggs are dear—present conditions necessitate economy. Cakes made in the ordinary way must have eggs added to give the desired richness. Cakeoma has a richness in itself that enables eggs to be dispensed with wholly or in part. Eggs may be omitted from the usual Cakeoma recipes, or less may be used, if extra milk is added to give the proper consistency.

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## ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

**A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth with a Simple Home-made Mixture.**

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

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Having purchased considerably below cost a Manufacturer's stock of Cameo Rings, we can offer these handsomely designed with beautifully cut Cameos, at the present time in the height of fashion. The Cameos are of the highest quality and several leaders of Society have great faith in the Cameo Ring for its luck-bringing propensities. We will send this Ring by registered mail and post paid immediately upon receipt of P.O. One Shilling.

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## MOTOR-LORRY IN DIFFICULTIES.



A motor-lorry gets stuck in High-street, Maidenhead, and has to be dragged along by horses.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## THE TWO LETTERS.

(Continued from page 11.)

physical pain to drive out the agony of these barbed wounds that every word Jack spoke inflicted upon her. The delicate glove split with a little ripping sound.

Hillier laughed.

"What's that? Your glove? Bad luck—never mind—put on some others in the car. I'm anxious to miss nothing of this glorious afternoon."

Sylvia's face was no longer as she followed her husband. Shame had sent the blood rushing to her white cheeks. Under the shadow of her wide hat her flushed face looked very lovely. More than one head was turned to watch the slim figure as it piloted the blind man along the corridor to the lift.

Hillier was very silent as the ear sped through the house, wondering what this afternoon would bring forth. He remembered these huge garden parties, the extraordinary mixture of people that they gathered together. It would be very strange, he thought, if out of vast an assembly there was not one person who would belong to Sylvia's past.

Even yet he had not decided upon his future action. He left all to the impulse of the moment. He didn't think in his mind was punishment a desire that this woman who had made a fool of him should suffer as she was making him suffer.

For the depth of his suffering was almost impossible to gauge, save by the depth of the love he had borne for the woman who had come out to India to marry him, stricken mad as he was—the depth of his dependence on her.

Now he had a desire to wash and companionship. He stood utterly alone, an awaked dunpe in a darkened world.

Almost as soon as they had entered the grounds Sylvia caught sight of Mr. Seton. He was standing near the entrance, the centre of a little group of very gaily-dressed women, but his attention was obviously not with them. His anxious eyes were scanning the arrivals, and as he caught sight of Hillier his face lightened; he came forward to meet them.

"Ah, here you are! How good you to come. I regard you both as the guests of the occasion."

"That sounds very ominous," Hillier laughed.

His good humour seemed to be restored. He talked freely and gaily to Sylvia, talked as though the man of the hotel bedroom was another person. They both knew it.

"It must be a charming sight," he said to Seton. "I congratulate you on your weather. Judging from the sounds around me, the greater part of theatrical London must have turned out to do you honour."

"Everyone has been extraordinarily kind," Seton said. "Now I want you to get some tea—let me—"

"Indeed, no," Sylvia laid her hand on his arm with a kindly pressure. She felt an intense admiration for this man as she saw him here in the midst of this gay throng that he had convened.

A man who could be all things to all men—and women—without for a moment losing even a semblance of his clerical dignity. "You are far too busy. Jack and I are going to have a charming time. I am as eager for the side shows as the rest. I am not."

They moved on, Hillier leaning on his wife's arm, and Sylvia, with her head very erect, stared straight in front of her. After all, though she had been most terribly afraid of meeting someone out of the past, as Jack so evidently expected her to do, the chance was a somewhat doubtful one. She had known so few people.

If she did chance to meet Stanhope Land, for example—and that was a remote chance, surely—what harm could he do her now?

"Any familiar faces, Valerie?" Hillier asked.

It seemed to the girl that he never addressed her without bringing in that name to which she had no right, and always with that faint, yet to her perfectly noise before it.

"None at all, Jack—except those with whom picture postcards familiarise one."

Then, as she spoke, the man leaning on her arm was aware of a faint, unmistakable tremor that shook her. He waited. He heard a harsh but perfectly well-bred voice utter an exclamation of surprise :

"Why, my dear Sylvia—this is indeed a most delightful surprise."

There was a moment of pause. Sylvia did not speak. She stared with a perfectly unmoved face into the eyes of an undoubted enemy—Mrs. Cunliffe, of the lace shop in Sloane-street.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

## MYSTERY OF MURDERED BABIES.

In the case of a child about ten days old, found dead in the Regent's Canal, near Kingsland-road Bridge, a coroner's jury yesterday at Shoreditch found that it was murdered by some person unknown.

Within the last fortnight a similar verdict has been returned in the case of a baby found stangled in a parcel in Shaftesbury-street.

Dr. Alfred MacFarlane said there were no external marks of violence, and the child, which was quite healthy, had been dead apparently for about a week. He was certain that it did not die naturally, but it was difficult to say whether death was due to drowning or suffocation.

The Coroner: It must have been a wilful murder. Witness: Yes.

The Coroner advised the jury to return an open verdict, and said that no doubt the police would endeavour strenuously to trace the parentage.

## STEAMER SUNK IN FOURTEEN MINUTES.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 5.—The crew, numbering eighteen, of the Glasgow steamer Astarte had a thrilling escape this morning, when their ship, outward bound for Nantes, was sunk by a collision with a dredger just outside the bar at the mouth of the Mersey.

The Astarte disappeared so rapidly that the men only had time to launch the boats, being unable to save their effects. In jumping into the boats several men, including the pilot, fell into the water, but were rescued. Fourteen minutes after the collision the vessel had disappeared.

All the crew were taken aboard the dredger and subsequently landed at Liverpool, where they were taken to the Sailors' Home. One of them said there was such a scramble for the boats by some of the foreign members of the crew that they got into each other's way.

## EGG-SMASHING BOY THIEVES.

How two boy housekeepers named Kennedy and Gibson, both aged sixteen, played strange pranks with marmalade and eggs when they could not find money was told at the London Sessions yesterday. The boys were sent to Borstal for two years.

A boy who said that in one case the boys smashed eggs against the ceiling and smothered the place with Christmas fruit. Finding a 3lb. pot of marmalade, they opened it and painted it on a new bassinet with a boot-brush.

## CHILDREN LIKE The Fruit Flavour

Children like the delicious fruit flavour of Ficolax—the Original Fruit Laxative, and it is the safest and most reliable laxative for them. Ficolax acts in a gentle but effective way—tones up and strengthens the digestive system and effects a complete cure. Give your children Ficolax.

Mrs. G. N., Lowestoft, writes:—"We have found Ficolax splendid for our baby, just eleven months old. It acted splendidly without the least inconvenience to him, and never failed to do its duty satisfactorily."

## Ficolax Cures Constipation

Large Bottles, 1/2, Family size 2/0. Of all Chemists.

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### The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The regular night and morning use of Calox prevents dental trouble by removing the cause of tooth decay.

Calox Toothpowder preserves the white and shining beauty of the teeth, deodorises the breath, conduces altogether to a higher standard of health.

And one reason is because Calox in use liberates oxygen—the finest, safest, surest purifier known in nature.

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RIVERS WHERE ROADS USED TO BE: WOMEN WEAR WADERS IN FLOODED AREA.



The Boatman calls to take a woman on a shopping expedition at Maidenhead.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Girl in waders posting a letter in a Maidenhead pillar box.



Mounted men near Salisbury manage all right.



A swift stream flows through the entrance gates of Ray Lodge, Maidenhead.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Caversham's lamp-cleaner does not allow the floods to interrupt his duties.



"Walking the per-lank." Men of the new Army on their way to their billets at Maidenhead.



Officer has to wade knee deep in water on leaving his billet at Maidenhead.

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